

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath bene the spoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdie song, make me merry. I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman neede to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, did not aboue seuen times a weck, went to a bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the lanterne in the poepe, but tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a memento mori. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Dines that liued in Purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my othe should bee, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the sonne of vtter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst bin an *ignis fatuum*, or a ball of wilde-fire, there's no purchase in mony. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euermore bone-fire light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the sickle that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two & thirtie yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart burnt.

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pickt my pocket?

Hof. Why sir Iohn, what do you thinke, sir Iohn? I keepe theeues in my house? I haue searcht, I haue haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant the tight of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Yelie, Hostesse, Bardoll was shau'd and haire: and Ile be sworne, my pocket was pickt: go to woman, go.

Hof. Who I? No, I defie thee: Gods light, I was not in mine owne house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well inough.

Hof. No, sir Iohn, you do not know me, sir Iohn: sir Iohn, you owe me mony, sir Iohn, and now you perrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shes backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy doulas. I haue giuen them a kers wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

Hof. Now as I am a true woman, holland of viij. s. owe mony here besides, sir Iohn, for your diet, and by and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hof. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face. What call them coyne his nose, let them coyne his cheekes, Ile nuyr: what, will you make a yonker of me? shall I not ease in myne Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? seale ring of my grandfathers, worth fortie marke.

Hof. O Iesul I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a sneak-cup: Zbloud were here, I would cudgell him like a dog, if he would.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him playing on his trunchion like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the winde in that doore I fall all march?

Bar. Yea, two, and two, Newgate fashion.

Hof. My Lord, I pray you heare me.